THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"..... VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1804. [No. 26.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum, payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 94.

Sic bona librorum.....
Copia. HOR.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

OF the many endowments, which nature has bestowed on man, I know of none which is productive of more real delight, and which, therefore, ought to inspire more gratitude, than a taste for reading. The author of the quotation, which introduces this essay, seems to have enjoyed this pleasure in no common degree, for he has more than once expressed his feelings and his wishes with all the eloquence of a Roman. Thus he thinks if the Gods will only grant him health, and sufficient fortune to secure him from anxiety as to the hour which is passing over him, his books will give him contentment and equanimity. The austere Christian may condemn the presumption of him, who supposes tranquillity of mind to be in his own power. It certainly does militate somewhat against the doctrines of Christianity, but it is consonant with the principles of the age in which Horace flourished, and appears, particularly, to be a tenet of the sect to which he belonged. As far, however, as human agency can avail, books will be found to possess great efficacy in dispelling the gloom of discontent, in brightening the brow with cheerfulness, in *lifting up* the discontented countenance, and in solacing the pungency of grief. Every profession, however laborious, must have some intervals of leisure, and I envy not the disposition of him who must spend his time in perfect indolence. We learn from Locke, and every one's experience will confirm the truth of the remark, that the mind of a waking person is never wholly vacant—that it always thinks. But what can be the employment of him who has not previously stored his mind with proper materials of thought by reading? He must be confined, like *philosopher* Godwin's 'dull man,' to mere observation of the shops he sees in walking, and the acquaintance he meets. So negative a kind of existence we might presume every one would wish to avoid. Yet how many (*né pour la digestion*, as Bruyére would call them) do we daily see, who, after finishing the business of the day, very contentedly sit down to dissipate the time which intervenes before the morrow in cards and frivolous conversation with *un-idea'd* girls, or quickly retire to that state which the ancients wisely supposed to be not very remote from death. When we know how fruitful a resource we possess against an ennui so distressing, an indolence of mind so degrading, is it not wonderful to reflect how few there are who enjoy it?

Books are not only valuable as a source of amusement, but they may be esteemed as our best instructors, next to experience, in life. Oral advice loses its influence by a variety of causes. The teacher's delicacy too often prompts him to spare the feelings of him who has rendered himself obnoxious to reproof; and the pupil, in return, will contemn the precepts of one, whose moral character he may not think superior to his own. But that advice which is presented to us by the pen of the moralist is divested of all personal considerations. He need not be penurious of reproof, who knows not whom it will offend, nor will his pride be wounded, who, in the obscurity of his closet, has none to witness his disgrace. Ethological works constitute a sort of altar, before which the student may confess himself, and no one will know his frailties; if he turn not away from the vestibule, he may become virtuous before the world shall know he was vicious.

He who has a taste for literature, and a 'copia librorum,' may be said to possess an extensive circle of acquaintance. He has it in his power to select his company from all parts of the world, and even, like the wandering Jew, unite the most distant ages. He may enjoy the bliss of Paradise, and sail in the holy ark of Noah, or the magnificent barge of Cleopatra. He may be free and equal, and experience disgrace and neglect, such as Socrates did in the *democracy* of Athens; or he may enjoy honour and patronage with Horace and Virgil under the Monarchy of AUGUSTUS. He may talk of fanaticism and bigotry, rebellion and murder, with *Cromwell* and *Hambden*, or of Honour, Loyalty, and Patriotism with FALKLAND and MONTROSE. His power, like that of the magician, is unbounded. His friends will come with alacrity at his call; nor will they be displeased if they be dismissed with the most frigid indifference. They will converse with him on any subjects, and inform him on all.

It is the peculiar advantage of this enjoyment that it is not indebted to either time or place for the fascination it possesses. Whether the student trim his midnight lamp amid* the tumult and smoke of the city, or

——patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.

his pleasure is still the same.

I cannot but laugh at the weak mind which affects to be governed either in the disposition to read, or the facility to compose, by the vicissitudes of the atmosphere. I may be told that Milton, and other equally celebrated authors, will become the subject of this ridicule. Far be it from me to arrogate to myself this unpleasant office. All men have their little affectations and foibles, and literary men are not exempt from the common condition of humanity. But I cannot admit that the genius of these men was either elevated by a clear sky, or depressed by a clouded one. Some of their most valued productions may have been inspired at particular seasons,* and they have thence believed, or their biographers have endeavoured to impress upon the world the opinion, that those seasons were most propitious to the exertion of their intellect.

In order to increase not only the benefit, but the pleasure of reading, every student should be tolerably skilled in criticism. It is a false notion that the art of criticism is the art of discovering faults—it is that which enables us to discern and relish the beauties of an author. Let the student peruse with attention the critical works of Johnson and Blair, (quales et quantos viros!) and he will afterwards read with increased pleasure.

Much has been said of the pernicious effects of novels; but I am not inclined to join in the popular clamour against these elegant offsprings of the imagination. I would suffer all young persons, nay encourage them, in reading novels, until about the age of seventeen or eighteen. About this time the judgment has arrived at such a state of maturity, as to be able to discern the imperfections, and reject the pernicious doctrines with which, it is to be lamented, these works do too plentifully abound. By first putting these fascinating works into his hand, which enchain the attention, without fatiguing the mind, the student will insensibly acquire a taste for reading, which he will never lose. I have no fear that this sort of reading will induce him to neglect all others. I repeat, that time will alter it. Besides, the pages of many of our novelists are so many mirrors of nature,† in which every one who reads may see himself reflected—they will aid him to correct his faults, and cherish his latent virtues.

I had intended to introduce some remarks on the danger of reading in a desultory manner, and without reflection, but I will content myself with referring those, who may feel interested in the subject, to the essay which was given in the 24th number of the Port Folio, and close this with a short quotation, which will have more weight than any thing I could say.

Milton, although a republican, and a subverter of order in government, was yet a poet, and well knew the value of order and reflection in study. His opinion of the value of the incessant perusal of books, without exercising the mind in digest-

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* Milton himself seems to allude to this disposition of the mind in his elegy, 'In adventum veris,' which has lately been well translated by one of the correspondents of the Editor of the Port Folio:

.....an at nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?

† To such men as Richardson, Fielding, and Smollet, how justly may we apply the words of Suidas, in his treatise de vet. auct. 'He was the scribe or secretary of nature, dipping the pen into mind.'

in their contents, is thus expressed in his Paradise Regained:

"A many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

SEDLEY.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[Continued.]

To account for Chatterton's extensive acquaintance with old books, out of the line of common reading, Mr. Warton observes, that the Old Library at Bristol, was, during his life-time, of universal access, and Chatterton was actually introduced to it by the Rev. Mr. Catcott, who wrote on the Deluge, the brother of Mr. George Catcott, the pewterer. He adds, that Mr. Catcott, the clergyman, always looked on Chatterton's pretensions with suspicion, and regarded the poems, which he attributed to Rowley, as the spurious productions of his own pen.

Chatterton's account of Canynge, &c. as far as it is countenanced by William of Wrycester, (that is, as far as it respects his taking orders, and paying a fine to the King), may be found in the epitaph on Master Canynge, still remaining to be read by every person, both in Latin and English, in Redcliffe church, which, indeed, appears to be the authority that William of Wyrcestre himself has followed.

Chatterton's account also of Redcliffe steeple, is to be found at the bottom of a print of that church, published in 1746, by one John Halfpenny, 'in which, says Mr. Tyrwhitt, was recounted the ruin of the steeple in 1446, by a tempest and fire.'

As to the old vellum, or parchment, on which Chatterton transcribed his fragments, Mr. Malone observes, that 'at the bottom of each sheet of old deeds, (of which there were many in the Bristol chest), there is usually a blank space of about four or five inches in breadth;' and this exactly agrees with the shape and size of the longest fragment which he has exhibited, viz. eight and and a half inches long, and four and a half broad. Mr. Ruddall attests that Chatterton practised experiments to give the ink and parchments which he produced the colour and the stain of antiquity.

In point of style, composition, sentiment, and versification, the poems of Rowley are infinitely superior to every other production of the century which is said to have produced them.

It was easy for Chatterton to copy ancient *words*, but it was by no means so easy for him to copy ancient *style*. Here lies the main defect in the imposition; and by *this*, and *this* alone, the controversy may be fairly decided to the satisfaction of every person of taste and judgment. The old words, thickly laid on, form an antique crust on the language, which at first view imposes on the view; but which, on examination, appears not to belong originally to it. It was put on the better to cover the imposition; but, like most impositions, it is overloaded with disguise, and discovers itself by the very means which were designed to hide it. The *language* is too ancient for the date of the poems. It is only necessary to refer the reader to the 'Paston Letters,' published by Sir John Fenn, to the 'Nut-brown Maid,' to the 'Prophecies,' printed at London in 1533, all works coeval with the supposed Rowley, to convince him that the language was at that time completely different from Chatterton's forgery. The papers of state in the reign of Henry VI, are as modern and good English as those of Henry VIII. It is not the language of any particular period, or particular province. The words are Saxon and Anglo-Saxon, and Scottish and English. We have provincial terms of the north and of the south; we have Chaucer, and Pope, and Skelton, and Gray, and that frequently within the short compass of a single verse. The diction and versification are at perpetual variance. He borrowed his ancient language, not from the usage of common life, but from lexicographers, and copied their mistakes. He has even introduced words which never made a part of the English language, and which are evidently the coinage of fancy, analogy, or mistake.

The *style* is evidently modern. Our old English poets are minute and particular; they do not deal in abstraction and general exhibition, but even in the course of narration or description dwell on realities. But the counterfeit Rowley adopts ideal terms, and artificial modes of telling a fact, and too frequently falls into metaphor, metaphysical imagery, and incidental personification. The poets of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries abound in unnatural conceptions, strange imaginations, capricious extravagancies, and even the most ridiculous inconsistencies. But Rowley's poems present us with no incongruous combinations, no mixture of manners, constitutions, usages, and characters. They contain no violent or gross improprieties. One of the striking characteristics of old English poetry is, a continued tenor of disparity. In Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, elegant descriptions, ornamental images, &c. bear no proportion to pages of langour and mediocrity, affected conceits of expression, dull and trite reflections, or tedious and unadorned narratives. The poems of Rowley are uniformly good. They are the productions, not only of genius, but of taste; a taste which could not possibly have been acquired of a sudden, or by any spontaneous efforts, or by a penetration or feeling which anticipated the improvements of a polished age, but by an intimate acquaintance with the manners and sentiments of the present times, and a diligent study of the best productions of our modern poets.

'These poems exhibit, says Mr. Warton, both in connection of words and sentences, a facility of combination, a quickness of transition, a rapidity of apostrophe, a frequent variation of force and phrase, and a firmness of contexture, which must have been the result of a long establishment of the arts and habits of writing. The versification is equally vigorous and harmonious, and is formed on a general elegance and stability of expression. It is remarkable that whole stanzas sparkle with that brilliancy which did not appear in our poetry till towards the middle of the present century. The lines have all the tricks and trappings, all the sophistications of poetical style, belonging to those models, which were popular when Chatterton began to write verses.'

'If a modern corrector,' he adds, 'has been at work, he has apparently been so very busy, as to leave but little or none of the original. His file has worn what it polished. If the poetry before us should have been only corrected or interpolated by parts, I believe there will be no difficulty in drawing the line of distinction between the respective property of Rowley and Chatterton; for such corrections and interpolations appear to consist, not only in words and hemistics, but in a suite of stanzas, in pages of considerable length, and such as have been the favourite of the public, and have been distinguished for their poetical beauties.'

There appears in these poems none of that *learning* which peculiarly marked all the compositions of the 15th century. Our old poets are perpetually confounding Gothic and Classical allusions, knight-errantry and ancient history, sculpture and romance, religion and chivalry. Ovid and Saint Austin are sometimes cited in the same line. A studious ecclesiastic of that period would give us a variety of useless authorities from Aristotle, from Boethius, and from the fathers; and the whole would have been interspersed with allusions to the old romances: the round table, with Sir Launcelot, and Sir Tristram, and Charlemagne, would have been constantly cited. Poems from such an author would have occasionally exhibited prolix devotional episodes, mingled with texts of scripture, and address to the saints and Blessed Virgin, instead of apostrophes to such allegorical divinities, as Truth, and Content, and others of Pagan original.

The metre of the old English poetry is totally different from that of Rowley. The stanza in which the majority of these poems are written, consists of ten lines, the two first quatrains of which rhyme alternately, and it closes with an Alexandrine, no example of which occurs in Chaucer, Lydgate, or Gower. Spenser extended the *octava rima* of Chaucer to nine lines, closing with an Alexandrine, to which Prior added a tenth. This last, of which examples have been multiplied, was Chatterton's model. Mr. Warton observes, that the unvaried and habitual exactness of the modulation of the final Alexandrine, in the poems of Rowley, excludes their claim to antiquity. 'Had the supposed Rowley,' he adds, 'written Alexandrines, he would have exceeded Spenser, and equalled Dryden, in the music of versification.'

Notwithstanding the affectation of ancient language, the tinsel of modern phraseology may, in too many instances, be detected. Such phrases as *puerilitie; before* his *optics; blameless* tongue; the aucthoure of the *piece;* vessel wreckt upon the *tragic* sand; *proto-sleyne*, &c. could not be the language of the fifteenth century. We find also a number of modern formularies and combinations, 'systers in sorrow;' 'Ah, what availde,' 'Oh, thou, whate'er thie name,' &c. with a number of compound epithets, such as, 'guile-depeynted; nome-depeynted; blodde-steyned; swift-berved; gore-red; super-ballie, &c. and other terms of expression and allusions evidently modern.

To these may be added some anachroisms, such as the art of *knitting stockings*, alluded to in the tragedy of Ælla, which was utterly unknown in the reign of Edward IV, and a great variety of particular and appropriate imitations of modern poets. Such coincidences as the following are so palpable, that it seems to be out of the power of prejudice itself to evade the inference which arises from them.

O for a muse of fire! *Shak. Hen. V.*

O forr a spryte al feere! *Ælla.*

His beard all white as snow,
All flaxen was his pole. *Hamlet.*

Blacke his cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte his rode as the sommer snowe. *Ælla.*

And tears began to flow. *Dryd. Alex. Feast.*

And teares beganne to flowe. *Syr C. Bawdin.*

No, no, he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed. *Hamlet.*

Mie love is dedde,
Gone to his deathe-bedde. *Ælla.*

Unhousell'd, unanointed, unannealed.
Hamlet. Pope's Edit.

Unburled, undelyvre, unespryte. *Goddwyn.*

Their souls from corpses *unaknell'd* depart.
Bat. of Hast. p 1.

The gray goose wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet. *Chevy Chace.*

The *gray goose* pyneon that thereon was sett
Eftsoons wyth smoking *crymson blood was wett.*
Bat. of Hast.

With such a force and vehement might
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side,
A large cloth yard and more.
Chevy Chace.

With thilk a force it did his body gore,
That In his tender guts it entered,
In veritie *a full cloth yard or more.*
Bat. of Hast.

Clos'd his eyes in endless night. *Gray's Bard.*

He clos'd his eyne in everlastynge nyghte.
Bat. of Hast.

Of the forms of composition adopted by the supposed Rowley, such as Odes, Eclogues, Discoursing tragedies, &c. not one example could be found in England in the fifteenth century. Plays, if any existed, were nothing more than a ballad, or solitary recital, without plot or dialogue, and incapable of representation.

The similarity of manner, language, versification, &c. in the poems said to have been written by Canynge, Sir Thybbot Gorges, John Iscam, and John, Abbot of St. Augustine, who is said to have died in 1215, is an objection to their authenticity. If Rowley possessed a talent of writing melodiously, unknown to his contemporaries, it is not easy to conceive how he could communicate to his friends the same miraculous endowment. All Rowley's friends write with his spirit; their lines are equally harmonious, and the versification has the same suspicious cast of modern manufacture. Sir Thybbot Gorges sings with the ease and airiness of a poet, who has only antiquity in the spelling of his name.

Mie husbande, Lord Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne or the baskette, &c.

Dynge Maistre Canynge is a poet so much like the *gode priest*, that Dr. Milles, like a true commentator, supposes that 'Rowley *might* give his friend and patron the credit of the performance.' The same pen undoubtedly produced what is called Canynge's, &c. as well as what is called Rowley's—but that pen was Chatterton's.

Such is the conclusion which the present writer has formed, from an examination of the arguments on both sides of this curious literary question. He hesitates not to declare, that his opinion of the authenticity of the poems is on the side of those who support the title of Chatterton. Mr. Warton and Mr. Tyrwhitt have convicted them of being spurious, by technical criterions. He esteemed it, therefore, a part of his duty to arrange them with the compositions of a modern era. But, though he cannot entertain a doubt but that they were written by Chatterton, yet he means not to dictate to others. He has expressed his dissent from the opinion of those who defend their authenticity, without being influenced by the authority of names. He has stated his observations as they rose in his mind, from a consideration of the facts, without being influenced by the force of ridicule. He has expressed his feelings as those of a reader, who, though he respects the study of antiquities, dislikes the blind prejudices of the mere antiquary. It was impossible for him to peruse a statte of this controversy, without smiling at the delusion and gravity of those learned gentlemen, who have all their lives dealt in uncouth lore, and not in our classic authors, nor have perceived that taste had not developed itself in the reign of Edward IV. The question, in his opinion, is as much a matter of taste as it is of learning, and is more to be decided by internal evidence, than by external facts. The man of *taste*, who has a moderate at least, if not a critical knowledge of the compositions of our poets from Chaucer to Pope, *feels* every argument on this head to be decisive, by an emotion which is superior to all laboured reasonings, but which, nevertheless, every reason and every examination, still more strongly serve to support. It is the taste in the poems of the supposed Rowley that will forever exclude them from belonging to the period in which, it is said, they were written. Superiority of genius could not possibly have produced any thing so perfect and refined, in language, structure, and sentiment, as those poems, by any native effort of its own, unassisted by preceding improvements, and independent of all models; for poetry, like other branches of literature and science, has its gradual accessions, is influenced by the condition of society, assumes accidental and arbitrary forms, and is subject to new and peculiar modifications.

'It is not, says Dr. Warton, from the complexion of ink or of parchment, from the information of contemporaries, the tales of relations, the recollection of apprentices, and the prejudices of friends, nor even from Doomsday Book, pedigrees in the heralds office, armorial bearings, parliamentary rolls, indentures, episcopal registers, epitaphs, tomb-stones, and brass plates, that this controversy is to be finally and effectually adjusted. Our argument should be drawn from principles of taste, from analogical experiments, from a familiarity with ancient poetry, and from the gradations of composition. Such a proof, excluding all imposition, liable to no deception, and proceeding upon abstracted truth, will be the surest demonstration. A man, furnished with a just portion of critical discernment, and in the meantime totally unacquainted with the history of these poems, is sufficiently, perhaps more properly, qualified to judge of their authenticity. To such a person, unprepared and unprejudiced as he is by any previous intelligence, and a stranger to facts, let the poems be shown. I can easily conceive to which side of the question he will incline. Nor will he afterwards suffer his opinion to be influenced by reports. External arguments, such at least as have hitherto appeared, may be useful, but they are not necessary. They will hang out lights sometimes false, and frequently feeble. In the present case, external arguments have seldom served to any other purpose than to embarrass our reasoning, to mislead the inquisitive, and to amuse the ignorant.'

At the shrine of Chatterton some grateful incense has been offered by the most elegant and pathetic poets of our nation. Mr. Pye, the present poet laureat, thus speaks of Chatterton, in his elegant and classical poem on the Progress of Refinement.

Yet as with streaming eye the sorrowing muse
Pale Chatterton's untimely urn bedews,
Her accents shall arraign the partial care
That shielded not her son from cold despair.

Mr. Preston, an elegant poet of a neighbouring kingdom, has distinguished Chatterton among the 'martyrs of the lyre,' in his pathetic 'Epistle to a Young Gentleman, on his having addicted himself to the Study of Poetry.'

Behold yon shade! he bears an antique roll,
With many a scutcheon clad and many a scroll!
'Tis he, the wond'rous youth of Bristowe's plain,
Who pour'd in Rowley's garb his solemn strain;
A stripling scarcely, and yet more than man;
His race was ended ere it well began.
Th' indignant spirit tower'd o'er little men;
He look'd thro' nature with an angel's ken,
And scorn'd, with conscious pride, this petty stage,
The tardy homage of a thankless age.
The furies wrung his agonizing soul,
And desperation mix'd the Stygian bowl.

The following lines in Mr. Hayley's excellent 'Essay on Epic Poetry,' are uncommonly animated and poetical.

If changing time suggest the pleasing hope
That bards no more with adverse fortune cope;
That in this alter'd clime, where arts increase,
And make our polish'd isle a second Greece;
That now, if poesy proclaims her son,
And challenges the wreaths by fancy won;
Both fame and wealth adopt him as their heir,
And liberal grandeur makes his life her care;
From such vain thoughts thy erring mind defend,
And look on Chatterton's disastrous end.
Oh, ill-starr'd youth, whom nature form'd in vain,
With powers on Pindus' splendid neight to reign!
O dread example of what pangs await
Young genius struggling with malignant fate!
What could the muse, who fir'd thy infant frame
With the rich promise of poetic fame;
Who taught thy hand its magic art to hide,
And mock the insolence of critic pride;
What could her unvailing cares oppose,
To save her darling from his desperate foes;
From pressing want's calamitous controul,
And pride, he fever of the ardent soul;
Ah, see, too conscious of her failing power,
She quits her nursling in his deathful hour!
In a chill room, within whose wretched wall
No cheering voice replies to misery's call;
Near a vile bed, too crazy to sustain
Misfortune's wasted limbs, convuls'd with pain,
On the bare floor, with heaven-directed eyes,
The hapless youth in speechless horror lies!
The pois'nous vial, by distraction drain'd,
Rolls from his hand, in wild contortion strain'd;
Pale with life-wasting pangs, its dire effect,
And stung to madness by the world's neglect,
He, in abhorrence of the dangerous art,
Once the dear idol of his glowing heart,
Tears from his harp the vain detested wires,
And in the frenzy of despair expires!

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The attention of the public has lately been much excited, by the impressment of some British seamen, by order of the captain of the Cambrian frigate, on board the British letter of marque Pitt, as is alleged, within the jurisdiction of New-York. The lively sensibility which has been displayed by our citizens, in regard to a supposed infraction of neutral rights, is highly honourable to them. Fortunate would it be for the honour and the interests of our country, if a portion of the same sensibility could be infused into those who administer it. What wrongs, what insults have we suffered, because our government had not a spirit to resent and redress them! How has our flag been degraded, our citizens insulted, and their best rights disregarded and violated, because our government had not the courage, or was afraid of the *expense* of defence and protection! Hence the destruction of the navy, which had been created and nurtured, and was growing up to an honourable and useful maturity, under our former rulers: hence too, as a consequence of this, the destruction and loss of one of our most valuable frigates, and, what to every man of feeling is ten thousand times worse, the slavery of hundreds of our brave

tars, who are pining in chains and wretchedness which they had never known but for the *penny saving* wisdom of our *very economical* rulers: hence too the heavy expense of ransoming these brave and unfortunate men, unless indeed our government (which is not unlikely) may think their ransom too expensive, and leave them the alternative of lingering out their tedious lives in exile and wretchedness, or of ending their misery by self destruction. Hence too our tame and humiliating submission to the shutting of the port of New-Orleans, contrary to our natural rights, and to treaty; and our encumbering ourselves since, in order *peaceably* to regain this natural and admitted right, with an enormous increase of our national debt, and an increase of territory, which will ere long dissever these states, and involve us in civil war and bloodshed. All these, and a thousand other evils, have flowed from the economy and the cowardice of our government; and now we are exposed to the insults and the injuries of the smallest armed vessel that may visit our sea-ports. Our ships of war, except the few that are on distant service, are sold, or rotting in the *philosophical worm dock* at Washington. Our forts and arsenals are tumbling into decay and ruin; our military is reduced to a handful of soldiers, scarcely sufficient for the defence of any single post in the territory. All this proceeds from the *economical* and *pacific* foibles of the *hero of Carter's mountain*. 'Tis thus the coward avoids personal danger by throwing away his sword. He knows that the brave man will not attack him with weapons unarmed, and he seeks safety by suffering himself to be kicked and cuffed, and licking the feet of his enemy. Shame, shame, to the American name! The spirit of WASHINGTON blushes at our pusillanimity!—But it is not the fault of the people; they have as much spirit and as much courage as the nation from whom they have descended—It is the government that is in fault. Instead of being foremost to redress our wrongs, and protect our rights, our government is the last to do either. Hence they go unredressed and unprotected, and the people are left to the vain and unprofitable task of intemperate abuse and resentment, which may some day or other hurry us into a situation very different from our wishes. It is our wish that the government should, in all instances, by manly actions, as well as firm resolutions, repel the aggressions of all nations, without favour or partiality, and to whatever consequences it may tend. Such is the policy, and such the interest of our government.

With respect to the right of the British to transfer her seamen, within the jurisdiction of a neutral country, from one of her armed ships to another, and that without compromising the peace or disturbing the tranquillity of the neutral, we think much may be said in favour of it. Nations in amity uniformly aid and assist each other, in subjecting their mariners to the laws and regulations of their respective governments. Offences committed on board of the ships of one government, within the jurisdiction of another, and not involving an actual breach of the peace, but relating to the good order and discipline of the ship, are always, at least by comity, if not by the law of nations, reserved for punishment in the country to which the offender belongs. Our courts of admiralty will not interfere in a contract between a foreign captain and his seamen, but uniformly lend the aid of their proces to compel the seaman to remain with the foreign ship, and to seek redress, if he has been injured, from the nation to which he belongs. The sailors of foreign vessels in our ports are uniformly delivered up to their commanders to be dealt with according to the laws of their own nation. In the year 1793, the government of New-York aided and assisted the French minister in endeavouring to apprehend Galbaud, Tanguy, and others, in order to their being forcibly carried on board their ships, whence they had deserted, to be subjected to the laws of France. If then we recognize the laws of a foreign government, within our own jurisdiction, in some cases, it would be difficult to shew why the commander of the Cambrian frigate had not the right, which he contended for, of impressing British seamen on board a British letter of marque, which is warranted by the laws of England, and transferring them to a public armed vessel, where their services were wanting? This is not levying troops in a neutral country, nor increasing the force of the belligerent: it is merely a new disposition of that force; and as well might the change of a helmsman or boatswain on board the ship of a belligerent, in a neutral port, be objected to.

We say nothing, as to the alleged obstruction of the execution of the health law of New-York, nor, if such obstruction was effected, shall we pretend to justify it. It is to be remembered that we speak only of cases where the peace of neutral citizens is not disturbed, for whenever that shall happen, it is the duty as well as the right of the neutral to interfere, and to enforce its laws for the preservation of peace and order.

We hope that our citizens will not be led into intemperate conduct or remarks on this subject. It is a matter for the government to settle, and we could wish, (but we dare not hope), that the American government will take it into consideration, if necessary enter into a fair discussion of it, and, if we have been insulted, and our rights infringed, demand suitable reparation. And we may depend upon the justice and the magnanimity of the British government that she will enter into the discussion with us with temperance and dignity, and if we have been wronged, will do all that one independent and friendly nation can require of another, under such circumstances.

MISCELLANY.

[The following apologue, from the French of Voltaire, was translated, at the request of the Editor, by a friend and a scholar, who has rendered it in a style more elegant and faithful to the spirit of the original than any version we have seen of European origin. This article is an ingenious satire upon the vaunts of philosophy, and presents a striking picture of the magnificent promises and despicable performance of that inconsistent animal, man. From the story we have rescinded one sentence, in which the ignorance, flippancy, and irreligion of the author appear in the form of a paltry joke against the received opinions of the Christian world on the subject of angelic nature.]

MEMNON OR HUMAN WISDOM.

Memnon conceived one day, the chimerical project of being perfectly wise. There are few men, who have not sometimes cherished a similar delusion.—Memnon said to himself, to be truly wise and consequently perfectly happy, it is only necessary to subdue the passions; than which nothing is more easy. In the first place, I will never love the sex; for at the sight of a perfect beauty, I will say to myself; those cheeks, will be one day furrowed by age; those beautiful eyes will be bordered with red; that round and prominent bosom will become flat and pendant; that beautiful head will be stripped of its golden tresses. Thus shall I have always present to my imagination, that now beautiful form ravished by the ruthless hand of time of all its graces, and perfections; and surely I shall be then fortified against its fascination.

In the second place, I will be always sober: I may be tempted by a sumptuous entertainment, by delicious wines, by the seduction of company: but I shall represent to myself the consequences of excess, a heavy head, a stomach surcharged, the loss of reason, of health and of time, I will then eat only to preserve life; my health will be always equal, my ideas pure and luminous. All this is so easy, that there is no merit in its performance.

Afterwards, said Memnon, it is necessary to devote some attention to my fortune; my desires are moderate; my property is securely lodged with the receiver general of the Finances of Nineveh. I have an ample sufficiency to live in independance: That is the greatest of blessings. I shall never be subjected to the cruel necessity of making my court: I shall envy no one, nor will any envy me. This also is perfectly easy. I have friends, continued he, I shall preserve them, because they can have no cause of contention with me. I shall never be at variance with them, nor they with me. In that there is no difficulty.

Having thus formed his little plan of wisdom in his chamber, Memnon looked from the window; He saw two woman walking in the shade of the Palm Trees, near his house. One was ugly and thoughtless, the other was young, handsome, and appeared to be greatly distressed. She sighed, the tears flowed down her beauteous cheeks, and rendered her more graceful. Our sage was moved, not by the beauty of the Lady, (he disdained such weakness) but by the affliction which she suffered. He came down, and approached the young Ninevite with the intention of consoling her with wisdom. This beautiful person recounted to him with the most pathetic naiveté, all the injuries which she suffered from a pretended uncle, the artifices by which he had deprived her of a fortune which she had never possesed and all that she had to dread from his violence. You appear to me so excellent a councellor, said she that would you condescend to come home with me and examine my affairs, I am confident you could extricate me from the cruel embarrassment in which I am involved. Memnon hesitated not to follow her, for the purpose of sagely examining her affairs, and of giving her good advice.

The afflicted lady conducted him into a perfumed chamber, and placed him near her on a sopha, on which they sat opposit to each other with their legs crossed. The lady spoke with downcast eyes, from which tears sometimes escaped, and which when raised always met those of Memnon. Her conversation was always full of tenderness, which redoubled whenever they looked upon each other. Memnon took the greatest interest in her affairs, and felt the strongest desire to oblige a person so well bred and so unfortunate. During the heat of conversation, they insensibly changed their positions. Their legs were no longer crossed. Memnon in counselling her approached so near, and gave her advice so full of tenderness, that neither of them could any longer converse on business.

Thus were they situated when the uncle arrived; he was armed from head to foot, and threatened his niece and the sage Memnon with instant death; the latter who escaped from him well knew that a large sum would purshase pardon. Memnon was obliged to give all he had. A man was fortunate in those times to escape at so cheap a rate; America was not then discovered, and afflicted ladies were far less dangerous then, than now.

Memnon ashamed and in despair returned to his house; he there found a billet of invitation to dinner with some of his intimate friends. If I remain at home, said he, my unfortunate adventure will engross my thoughts, I shall not eat, and sickness will ensue; it is better to enjoy a

frugal repast with my intimate friends. In the charms of their society, I shall forget the follies of the morning. He goes to the rendezvous; his dejection is apparent. His friends force him to drink to dissipate his melancholy. The moderate use of wine is a remedy for the diseases of mind and body.—Thus does the sage Memnon think, and he becomes intoxicated. After the repast, play is proposed. A moderate game with friends is a polite amusement. He plays; they win from him all the money in his purse, and four times as much on his word. A dispute arises relative to the game; one of his intimate friends throws a dice-box at his head, and deprives him of an eye. The sage Memnon is carried home in a state of intoxication, without money and with but one eye.

He throws himself on his couch; and as soon as the fumes of the the wine he had imbibed are dissipated, he sends his valet to procure some money from the Receiver General of the Finances of Nineveh, to pay his intimate friends: he is informed that his debtor had that morning committed a fraudulent act of bankruptcy which reduced an hundred families to beggary. Memnon transported with rage, goes to court with a plaister on his eye and a petition in his hand, to demand of the King, justice against the bankrupt In the salloon he meets several ladies, who with an air of ease wore hoops of the circumference of twenty four feet. One of them, who was slightly acquainted with him, looking askance at him, cried, ah the horrid creature! Another more intimately acquainted with him, said; good evening, Mr. Memnon; in truth, Mr. Memnon, I am extremely happy to see you; à propos, Mr. Memnon, why have you lost an eye? And she passed without waiting his answer. Memnon concealed himself in a corner, and waited for an opportunity of throwing himself at the feet of the Monarch. That opportunity presented itself. Thrice he kissed the earth, and presented his petition. His gracious Majesty received him very favorably, and gave the petition to one of his Satraps that he might communicate to him its contents. The satrap draws Memnon aside, and with an air of hauteur and smile of contempt, thus addressed him: Are you not a ridiculous blind man, to appeal to the King in preference to me; and still more ridiculous, to dare to ask justice against an honest bankrupt, whom I honor with my protection and who is the nephew of one of my mistresses's chamber maids! Abandon this pursuit, my good friend, if you have a wish to preserves your remaining eye.

Memnon having thus in the morning renounced the sex, intemperance, gaming, quarrels, and above all the court, had before the close of the day, been deceived and robbed by a beautiful lady, had been intoxicated, had gambled, quarrelled, lost an eye, and had been at court an object of contempt and ridicule.

Petrified with astonishment, and oppressed with grief, he returns to his mansion. He wishes to enter, but he finds bailiffs, employed by his creditors, in the act of plundering his house of its furniture. He throws himself almost lifeless under a plam tree; he then meets the beautiful lady whom he had seen in the morning, walking with her dear uncle; discovering Memnon with a plaster on his eye, she burst into a violent fit of laughter. Night came; Memnon reclined on a bed of straw near the walls of his house. He was attacked by a violent fever; during its action upon his exhausted frame, he slept, and a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream.

Who art thou? cried Memnon. Thy good Genius, replied the other. Restore me then my eye, my health, my fortune, my wisdom, said Memnon. He then recounted the misfortunes, which had in a day deprived him of all these.

Those are adventures, said the spirit, which never happen to us in the world, which we inhabit: And what world do you inhabit? said the afflicted man. My country, said the spirit, is five hundred millions of leagues from the Sun in a little Star near Sirius, which thou seest from here.—The delightful country! said Memnon: what you have there no base woman who deceive a poor man, no intimate friend, who wins his money and put out his eye, no Bankrupts, no Satraps, who while denying you justice sneer at you? No, said the inhabitant of the Star, nothing of that kind. We are never deceived by women, because we have none; we are not intemperate, because we eat not; we have no bankrupts, because with us, there is neither gold nor silver; it is impossible to put out our eyes, because we have not bodies fashioned like yours; and Satraps never do us injustice, because in our little star there is perfect equality.

Memnon then said; my lord without women and without dinner, how do you pass your time? In watching said the genius, over the other globes, which are confided to your care; and I come to console you. Alas! said Memnon, why did you not come last night, to prevent me from committing so many follies? I was with thy eldest brother Hassan, said the celestial being. He is more to be pitied than thou.—His gracious Majesty the king of the Indies, at whose court he had the honour to be, ordered both his eyes to be put out for a trifling indiscretion, and he is now in a dungeon loaded hands and feet with chains. It is worth while, said Memnon to have a good genius in a family! One brother has lost an eye, the other is deprived of both, one is on a bed of straw, the other in prison! Thy lot, replied the spirit, will change. It is true that thou shalt always be deprived of one eye, but with that exception, thou shalt always be sufficiently happy, provided thou never conceivest the silly and vain prospect of being perfectly wise. Perfect wisdom is then unattainable? cried Memnon. As unattainable, replied the other, as perfect skill, perfect strength, perfect power, perfect happiness. Even we are strangers, to those perfections. There is a globe were all these things are found; but in the hundred thousand millions of worlds which are scattered though space, there are different degrees of perfection. There is less wisdom and pleasure in the second than in the first, less in the third then in the second and so on to the last, where every one is compleatly mad. I much fear, said Memnon, that our little terraqueous globe is precisely the Bedlam of the universe of which you speak. Not exactly so, said the spirit; but almost: every thing should be in its proper place. But, said Memnon, certain poets, certain philosopher are wrong in saying that 'whatever is, is right.' Considering the arrangement of the whole universe, said the ætherial Philosopher, they are perfectly right. Ah! replied poor Memnon I will not believe that, until I shall have recovered my Eye.

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PLEASURES OF READING AND CONVERSATION.

From Dr. Aikins's Letters.

At the head of all the pleasures which offer themselves to the man of liberal education, may confidently he placed that derived from *books*. In variety, durability, and facility of attainment, no other can stand in competition with it; and even in intensity it is inferior to few. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the shade of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and obliged them to converse with us on the most interesting topicks—what an inestimable privilege should we think it! how superior to all common enjoyments! But in a well furnished library we, in fact, possess this power. We can question Xenophon and Cæsar on their campaigns make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choicest thoghts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can at pleasure exclude dulness and impertinence, and open our doors to wit and good sense alone. It is needless to repeat the high commendations that have been bestowed on the study of letters by persons, who had free access to every other source of gratification. Instead of quoting Cicero to you, I shall in plain terms give you the result of my own experience on this subject. If domestick enjoyments have contributed in the first degree to the happiness of my life, (and I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge that they have) the pleasures of reading have beyond all question held the second place. Without books I have never been able to pass a single day to my entire satisfaction: With them, no, day has been so dark as not to have its pleasure. Even pain and sickness have for a time been charmed away by them. By the easy provision of a book in my pocket, I have frequently worn through long nights and days in the most disagreeable parts of my profession, with all the difference in my feelings between calm content and fretful impatience. Such occurrences have afforded me full proof both of the possibility of being cheaply pleased, and of the consequence it is of to the sum of human felicity, not to neglect minute attentions to make the most of life as it passes.

Reading may in every sense be called a *cheap* amusement. A *taste for books*, indeed, may be made expensive enough; but that is a taste for editions, bindings, paper and type. If you are satisfied with getting at the sense of an author in some commodious way, a crown at a stall will supply your wants as well as a guinea at a shop. Learn, too, to distinguish between books to be *perused* and books to be *possessed*. Of the former you may find an ample store in every subscription library, the proper use of which to a scholar is to furnish his mind, without loading his shelves. No apparatus, no appointment of time and place, is necessary for the enjoyment of reading. From the midst of bustle and business, you may in an instant, by the magick of a book, plunge into senes of remote ages and countries, and disengage yourself form present care and fatigue. 'Sweet pliability of man's spirit,(cries Sterne, on relating an occurrence of this kind in his Sentimental Journey) that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!'

The next of the procurable measures that I shall point out to you is that of *conversation*. This is a pleasure of higher zest than that of reading; since in conversing we not only receive the sentiments of others, but impart our own; and from this reciprocation a spirit and interest arise which books cannot gave in an equal degree. Fitness for conversation must depend upon the store of ideas laid up in the mind, and the faculty of communicating them. These, in a great degree are the results of education and the habit of society, and to a certain point they are favoured by superiority of condition. But this is only to a certain point; for when you arrive at that class in which sensuality, indolence, and dissipation, are fostered by excess of opulence, you lose more by diminished energy of mind, than you gainby superior refinement of manner and elegance of expression. And, indeed, there are numbers of the higher ranks among us, whose conversation has not even the latter qualities to recommend it, but to poverty of sentiment adds the utmost coarseness of language and behaviour. There is a radical meanness in debauchery, which even

in the most elevated conditions of all, communicates the taint of vulgarity. To hear the high bred party loudly contending in the praises of their dogs and horses, and discussing gambling questions, in termixed with grosser topicks, you could not possibly discover by the style and matter, wether you were listening to the masters above, or the grooms below. It is by no means unfrequent to find the *best company* the *worst conversation*. Should your character and situation forever exclude you from such societies, you need not repine at your loss. It will be amply compensated by the opportunities you are likely to enjoy of free intercourse with the most cultivated and rational of both sexes, among whom decency of manners, and variety of knowledge will always be valued, though very moderately decorated with the advantages of fortune.

I would not, however, inculcate too fastidious a taste with respect to the subject and style of conversation, provided it possess the essentials of sound sense and useful knowledge. Among those who have enjoyed little of the benefit of education, you will often find persons of natural sagacity and a turn for remark, who are capable of affording both entertainment and instruction. Who would not wish to have been acquainted with *Franklin* when a journeyman printer, even though he had never risen to be one of the most distinguished characters of the age? Information indeed, may be procured from almost any man in affairs belonging to his particular way of life; and when we fall into company from which little is to be expected with regard to general topics, it is best to give the conversation a turn to wards the technical matters with which they may be acquainted, whence some profit may be made out of the most unpromising materials. *Man*, too, in every condition, is a subject well worthy of examination, and the speculatist may derive much entertainment from observing the manners and sentiments of all the various classes of mankind in their several occupations and amusements.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Quiet solitude, pleasant fields, serene weather purling streams, and tranquillity of mind, seem to be absolutely essential to the poet, without which he could scarcely accomplish any work of permanent lustre. Yet nothing is better known in the annals of literature, than that many immortal works have been composed in sickness, in sorrow, in decrepitude, in chains, and in a prison. Such is the elasticity of the soul that, oftentimes when apparently *bowed down* to the earth, it will rise with a bound to heaven. In a state of utter blindness, MILTON found Paradise Lost, and in a state of mournful distraction, COWPER translated HOMER.

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It is astonishing how soberly and considerately even wise men allow themselves to become intoxicated with the notion of our superior and almost exclusive fitness for *liberty*, knowledge of it, and security in its possession. The false idea of our own liberty, and the still falser idea of the liberty of all other nations, renders us very fierce, stubborn, and unteachable.

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The Gazelles of the Asiatics often abound with the spirited figure of *Iteration*. The following, to an unknown fair, from Khakani, will afford the reader an example. It is beautifully rendered by Mr. J. M. Good, the recent and admirable translator of Solomon's Songs. The lyrists of every country, both sacred and profane, have been as attentive to this beauty as the pastoral poets. It occurs in a great variety of the Psalms, and other poetical parts of the Bible.

Who art thou? say: with cypress shape,
Soft, jasmine neck, but flinty heart;
Tyrant, from whom 'tis vain to 'scape,
O tell me who thou art?

I've seen thy bright narcissus eye,
Thy form no cypress can impart:
Queen of my soul! I've heard thee sigh—
O tell me who thou art?

Though vales with hyacinths be spread,
I've sought thee trembling as the hart;
O rose bud lipp'd! thy sweets were fled,
Tell me, tell me who thou art?

Wine lights thy cheeks; thy steps are snares,
Thy glance a sure destructive dart;
Say, as its despot aim it bears,
What fatal bow thou art?

Thy new moon brow the full moon robs,
And bids its fading beams depart;
Tell, thou, for whom each bosom throbs,
What torturer thou art?

Drunk with thy wine, thy charms display,
Thy slave Khakani hails his smart,
I'd die to know thy name!—then say
What deity thou art?

—

We understand that an alliance offensive and defensive is talked of between America and Algiers. It has always appeared a very grievous thing that these two *republics* should ever pout at one another. They understand the *rights of men* on the Barbary shore as well as they are understood on the banks of the Potomac, and *Christianity is not a part of the law of the* land here, any more then in any of the *Mahometan* or *Pagan* territories.

—

SOMETHING CURIOUS, BUT NOT WONDERFUL.

At the Mayor's Court, now sitting, William Duane was indicted for an assault and battery on Joseph Scott; the former no less a personage than the celebrated Paddy Duane, *successor of poor Benjamin Franklin Bache*, and an *Irish* connection, "BY THE MOST DEAR AND ENDEARING TIES," of the descendants of Dr. Franklin; the latter also an Irishman, secretary to several democratic ward meetings, successor of John L. Leib, as clerk to the democratic common council of this city, editor, compiler, and publisher of a work intitled 'the United States Gazetteer,' celebrated for its accuracy and usefulness, and supposed author of the preface to that renowned work, and to which our readers will do well instantly to refer as a specimen of this *Scott-Irishman's* abilities in composition, &c.

An affair of honour between two individuals of such high and notorious character, was calculated to excite much of the sensibility of the bye-standers.

The *Scott* asserted, on oath, that he had been to a democratic ward meeting, at the *Beehive* in South Fourth-street; that on his return from thence, without any previous notice, or any expectation 'of *the like*,' Duane gave him a kick, from behind, near *his* seat of honour, and followed it up with a blow, which brough him 'WITH ALL HIS WEIGHT' upon the pavement: that, after some moments, he rose, and Duane gave him another blow; that further violence was prevented by the interference of third persons; that his ancle was much strained by his fall, and he had given no provocation to justify the outrage. Scott's statement was confirmed by the evidence of Moore and Henderson, except as to the kick, which they did not see.

The defendant (*Mister Duane*), denied that he kicked Scott, but confessed that he had struck him, and proceeded to state '*for why*' he had struck him: he alleged that attempts had been made to excite political divisions, by representing that he (Mister Duane) was inimical to Irishmen; that Scott, in HIS CORRESPONDENCE with a HIGH INFLUENTIAL CHARACTER, (whose name he would not profane, by coupling it with Scott's) had so represented him (Duane) that, if he had any biass, any body, who read the public papers, would see it was *the other way;* that he was proud of *having an Irish heart*, and was as good an American as any in the country, *having been born here;* that he had determined to chastise Scott, and *just for this reason*, because he was too contemptible to be treated in any other way; that he was a debased and degraded man, of bad character and low vices, &c. (the court interrupted him by stating that personal remarks were improper): he repeated much of what he had before stated, and was proceeding to say that for such conduct he would again chastise Scott, but was again stopped by the court's remarking that such threats were improper.

He put several questions to the witnesses, who agreed that they did not see him kick Scott; he asked one of them, Henderson, whether, *upon the oath he had taken*, he believed him (Duane) capable of kicking Scott from behind? The court declared the question improper, as it related to matter of opinion only. The by-standers doubted whether his question related to *physical* capability, or to the incapability which is imposed by a high and refined sense of honour, of striking assassin-like, from behind, without giving notice to your enemy; and yet that could not be very important to the defendant, as it was fully proved that he struck Scott *from behind, without giving notice*, although the witnesses did not see him kick. Duane asked Moore, whether he did not know that Scott, in his correspondence with a high influential character, had alleged certain things, derogatory to his character? Moore doubted the propriety of such a question, but at length said that Scott, in his letters to the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, had made certain inquiries, &c. The court thought it irrelevant, and stopped the witness.

Scott asked permission to make a few observations in reply: he declared that Duane had told A DOWNRIGHT LIE (he was checked by the court); that he would defy him to shew that in HIS CORRESPONDENCE, *with that high political character*, he had said any thing derogatory to his [Duane's] *character*.

The court fined the defendant 12 dollars.

What think you, Americans, of a *correspondence* between Joseph Scott, and Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States?

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From the Farmer's Cabinet we copy the following burlesque on the vulgar form of epistolary writing.

This opportunity I take
To write to you to let you know
That I am well; and, for your sake,
I hope these lines will find you so.

Thro' God's kind care, prais'd be his name,
This precious blessing I enjoy;
And may he still vouchsafe the same
Till life's last hour, without alloy.

Your letter I receiv'd last night,
And read the same with pleasure vast;
It gave me such profound delight,
As set my heart to beating fast.

'Tis long since I have seen your face,
And absence fills my heart with pain;
Ah! must I run thro' life's sad race,
And ne'er set eyes on you again!

News is so scarce, I've none to tell,
Except, (which sure must give you joy),
That all our friends are wond'rous well,
And aunt Jemima's got a boy.

I can at present write no more;
So must conclude for want of breath;
Remaining still, as heretofore,
Your loving uncle's son till death.

—

The following sprightly song has been lately introduced on the French stage. We hope that some votary of taste and *tobacco* will translate it in the gay measure of the original.

Contre les chagrins de la vie,
Que l'on crie *ab hoc*, *ab hac*,
Moi je me crois digne d'envie,
Avec *ma pipe de tabac* (bis)
Aujourd'huy, changeons de manie,
De boussole en d'almanac,
Moi je prefere fille joie,
Méme a *ma pipe de tabac* (bis).

Les soldats baillent sons la tente,
Les matelots sur le tillac,
Bientot ils ont l'ame contente,
Avec *leur pipe de tabac* (bis).
Mais des qu'ils trouvent une belle,
Aussitot le cœur fait tic tac,
Et l'amant oublie aupres d'elle,
Jusqua *sa pipe de tabac* (bis).

Je tiens cette maxime utile,
De ce fameux monsieur de Crac,
En campagne, comme a la ville,
Faisant *l'amour et le tabac*. (bis)
Quand ce grand homme alloit en guerre,
Il portoit dans sonpetit sac,
Le doux portrait de sa bergere,
Avec sa pipe de tabac. (bis)

—

CANZONET.

Spring, in gay and frolic hour,
Deck'd my love from many a flower,
Bade young hyacinths diffuse
On her locks their scented dews;
Plac'd the violets darker dyes
In her all imperial eyes.
Made her glowing cheek display
Roses just their prime attaining,
But reserv'd the buds for staining
Lips, as fresh and firm as they!

Dear one, he whose amorous suit,
Fain would turn thy blooms to fruit;
Does he merit thus from thee
Piercing thorns of cruelty?

—

The necessity of setting the world at a distance from us when we are to take a survey of ourselves, has sent many from high stations to the severities of monastic life; and indeed every man, deeply engaged in business, if all regard to another state be not extinguished, must have the conviction, though, perhaps, not the resolution of Valdesso, who, when he solicited Charles the Fifth to dismiss him, being asked, whether he retired upon disgust, answered that he laid down his commission, for no other reason, but because there ought to be some time for sober reflection, between the life of a soldier and his death.

There are few conditions, which do not entangle us with sublunary hopes and fears from which it is necessary to be, at intervals, disencumbered, that we may place ourselves in his presence, who views effects in their causes and actions in their motives; that we may, as Chillingworth expresses it, consider as if there were no other beings in the world, but God and ourselves; or, to use language yet more awful 'may commune with our own hearts, and be still.' Death says Seneca falls heavily upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himself; and Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early restorers of Literature, thought the study of our own hearts of so much importance, that he recommended it in the epitaph on his tomb. Let every one therefore 'examine himself,' a precept, which the wisdon and virtue of all ages have concurred to enforce; a precept, dictated by philosophers, inculcated by poets, and ratified by saints.

—

THE BRITISH SAILOR.

BY THE LATE DR. CROSSFIELD.

Liquid mountains roll,
Shake from your heads the hoary spray;
Ye cannot daunt the Seaman's soul,
Though danger spreads the pathless way.

Vivid lightnings flash
Blow tempest, bellow thunder dire,
The Seaman braves the dreadful crash,
Though billows to the clouds aspire.

Rise, pointed rocks, arise,
Assaulted by the soaming surge;
Sailors your flinty sides despise,
When friendship, love, and honour urge.

Roar thundering cannons, roar,
Death-dealing bullets whistle round;
Let Cowards wish themselve on shore,
A British Sailor loves the sound.

—

Europeans must be excessively diverted at the circumstance in the history of our Cis-Atlantic *Gentlemen*, which could give occasion for the following earnest and imploring request, from the Managers of the Theatre in the Capital of the United States. In every play bill, now issued, *Gentlemen* are respectfully requested not to *smoke any segars* within the wall of the Theatre.' One of the Empresses of *Russia*, in a *Gothic* assembly room, ordered a paper to be affixed, in which, it was hoped, that 'no *lady* would *get drunk with Brandy*, after 11 o'clock.'

—

Epitaph in the north aisle of the church at Tottenham high-cross, near London.

Sacred to the memory of Michael Massey, Esq. who departed this life December 18, 1779, *aged* 79.

If for the meed of aged worth
Friendship can spare a tear;
Reader, observe this silent earth,
And pay that tribute here.

[Oldfield and Dyson's hist. of Tottenham.

—

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE;

IN THE MANNER OF C. SMART.

Since nature first gave me a soul,
And breath'd the fond flame in my breast,
My heart boasts of many a hole,
And my head has oft ach'd for its rest.

When I'd scarce left my slobbering bib,
And my peticoates pester'd my gait,
I talk'd of the tender so glib,
That I soon pick'd me up a fond mate.

On a pilgrimage I did n't roam
With peas in my sandals to Mecca,
Bitter picking I sound nearer home,
In the kisses of amorous Becca.

But as suns and new seasons came round,
Now struting in trowsers and jacket,
I left bonny Bec with a bound,
With Joanna the jolly to smack it.

But witness how fickle the flame,
The passion, though fierce, over soon is,
I suppose some may think me to blame,
But I could not help loving my Eunice.

But Eunice I found grew too fond,
And soon 'gan to fail in my fancy,
And scarce was I well of the wound,
When my heart would for none pant but Nancy.

Once I verily ventur'd to say.
That Ann should be always my deary,
Till an arrow, well aim'd, came one day.
From the languishing eyes of my Mary.

This *penchant's* now cooling quite fast,
And perhaps in a month it will fail,
And what lass will enchain me at last,
The tongue of time only can tell.

—

EPIGRIM.

Tempt but the fair with pieces *ten*,
If *naughty*—she'll consent t'ye
But if she's *chaste*—excuse her then,
She yields not—under *twenty*.

—

One morning last week, the following curious circumstance took place at Manchester: A tradsman suspecting a criminal correspondence betwixt his wife and a certain journeyman with a wooden leg, who wrought next door, went early that morning to the journeyman's room, and having surprised them together, deliberately carried away his wife's clothes and the journeyman's wooden leg, leaving the lovers to *hop* off at their leisure—the one *naked*, the other without a *leg!*

[*Lon. paper.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The ironical oration from a learned and orthodox friend, shall be inserted in our next. We have perused this academical exercise with an attention, which did not tire, and with a smile, which was never languid.

Mr. MOORE's minor poems have been extolled even by the *zealots* of criticism. They shall receive every honour, which is in the Editor's power to confer. The translator of ANACREON, like his countrymen, Parnell and Goldsmith, is endowed with the enchanting privilege of expressing the warmest and tenderest thoughts, in a style at once brilliant, and simple, like the wild flower of the mountains.

'Senex' shall be treated with that respect which age and experience demand.

Time honored' is a venerable title; and in the effusions of Senex, we discover the moderation and good sense, but neither the garrulity, nor the imbecility of an *old* man.

'Fortunate *Senex*, hic inter flumina nota
Et fontes sacros frigus captabis opacum.'

If 'Philaxian' possess any more of the manuscripts of Mr. Hoyland, it will be very agreeable to the Editor to be the herald of productions of such ingenuity.

The letter from an *ancient Gentleman*, and a faithful friend, is most soothing to the Editor. *Cheap* praise from ordinary characters, and men of dim discernment and shallow judgment is easily obtained; and, in the estimation of all, who despise a vulgar popularity, is of no worth. But the commendation of one, who himself is constantly worthy of commendation, is *sterling and salutary panegyric, and the most grateful homage to the human heart.

---

* Ea est enim *profecto* jucunda laus, quæ ab iis proficisitur, qui IPSI IN LAUDE VIXERUNT. Cicero.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Don Esteban Manuel de Villegas has used the Latin metres with great success in Spanish. The following ode to Zephyr is in the Horatian Sapphic. The version is by Mr. Southey.

Dulce vecino de la verde selva,
Haesped etemo del Abril florido,
Vital aliento de la madre Venus,
Z'efiro blando!

Si de mes ansias el amor supiste;
Tu, que las quejas de mi voz Uevaste,
Oye: no temas, y a mi Ninfa dile,
Dile, que muero.

Filis un tiempo mi dolor sabia,
Filis un tiempo mi dolor uoraba,
Quisome un tiempo; mas agora temo
Temo sus iras.

Afi los dioses con amor paterno,
Asi los cielos con amor benigno,
Nieguen al tiempo, que feliz volares
Nieve a la tierra.

Jamas el peso de la nube parda,
Quando ama ece la elevada cumbre,
Toque tus hombros, ni su mal granizo,
Hiera tus alas.

TRANSLATION.

TO ZEPHYR.

Thou, who dost love to wander in the woodlans,
Thou, who with April lovest to disport thee,
Hear me, O thou, the vital breath of Venus,
Hear me, O Zephyr!

If thou hast ever heard my sighs of anguish,
If thou hast ever heard my plaint of passion,
Hear now, and fly to that beloved damsel,
Tell her I perish.

There was a time when Phillis knew I lov'd her,
There was a time when Phillis, too, could pity;
Past is that time, and now, alas! I tremble,
Dreading her anger.

So may the Heavens, with their love benignant,
So may the high gods with their love paternal,
Suffer no snow to chill thee, as at evening
Gaily thou sportest.

So may no dark cloud, pregnant with the tempest,
Pour its rude waters heavy on thy plumage;
So may the hard hail never bruise thy pinions;
Go, gentle Zephyr!

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following translation of the well known dialogue between Horace and Lydia, was made by the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield. Few versions surpass it in energy, accuracy, or ease.]

HORACE.

While I, belov'd, enjoy'd thy charms,
Nor dar'd a youth, more favour'd, fling
Round thy fair neck his clasping arms,
I liv'd more blest than Persia's King.

LYDIA.

While glow'd thy breast with Lydia's flame,
Nor Chloe turn'd thy wandering eye;
Illustrious then was Lydia's name,
Not Ilia's self so blest as I.

HORACE.

My Chloe now enslaves my heart,
Her lyre, her tongue, enchanting fair!
I e'en from life itself could part,
If Fate my lovely maid would spare.

LYDIA.

Thurinus now calls me his own,
Bound in soft chains of love and truth:
E'en twice could I my life lay down,
If Fate would spare my charming youth.

HORACE.

Once more should Venus gracious prove,
Should those fond looks and smiles return?
Lie quench'd the torch of Chloe's love,
And Lydia's with fresh vigour burn?

LYDIA.

Tho' bright he be as brightest star,
Thou, angrier than the tossing sea,
And changing still, and light as air,
I fain would live and die with thee.

—

[The following excellent old song, as it is justly stiled by the Bishop of Dromore, is preserved in David Lloyd's memoirs of those that suffered in the cause of CHARLES I. Lond. fol. 1668. p 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and who was still living, with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned, but it is ascribed to Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.]

Beat on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest proof.
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm,
Then strike, affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me;
While a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, while I wish'd to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd,
Or, like the sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, stoics, we see,
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm,
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And still, to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there.
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high prized margarite,
Or, like the great Mogul or Pope,
Am cloister'd up from public sight:
Retirement is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here, sin, for want of food must starve
Where tempting objects are not seen,
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep Vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking to have made his purpose sure
By a malicious, friendly knife,
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit for what is meant,
Mischief oftimes proves favour by the event.

When once my Prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
When Kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my King,
Neither in person, nor in coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have, not mine:
My King from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the Nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet I can chirp and sing
Disgrace to *rebels*, glory to my King!

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser parts' immur'd,
While loyal thoughts do still repair,
To accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My King alone can captivate my mind.

—

THE BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

TO FLAVIA.

See, Flavia, see that fluttering thing,
Skim round yon flower, with sportive wing,
Yet ne'er its sweets explore;
While wiser the industrious bee
Extracts the honey from the tree,
And hives the precious store.

So you, with coy, coquetish art,
Play wanton round your lover's heart,
Insensible and free;
Love's balmy blessing would you try,
No longer sport a butterfly,
But imitate the bee.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.